

A P O E M

TO

Her Royal Highness, UPON THE Birth of her Daughter.

MADAM!

17. Aug. 1662. A. J. J. J. J. J.

BY all our Thunder-thumping Lies, by Jove,
By all the Gods, that Rule the Sphears above;
We are all Lost; kind Heaven have Mercy on us;
Your Lying down has quite and clean undone us.
Who e'er did think the Angry Planets wou'd
Turn Bonny *Blue-Cap* to a *Silken Hood*?
Alas! alas! to what an Ebb wee're brought?
Are all our Vows and Prayers come to nought?
How basely false is *Thompsons* Prophecy?
Now he believes his Father De'el can Lie,
While all the Grinning Whiggs do burst with Laughter
To see the Monarch *Son* should prove a *Daughter*.
We had design'd in Racy Gossips Bowls
And Christning Caudles to refresh our Souls,
When the Majestick *Boy* should once appear
We'd Swim in Wine, and would Carouze in Beer,
And Feast our Bellies with the Richest Chear,
Proving a *Girl*, alas it proves our Woe!
Our Feast is spoil'd, and all our Cakes are Dough.
We did design to Revel in the Street,
And highest Skies with Fire-works to Greet;
With Shouts your Labouring Self to Entertain,
As Neighbour Heathens do the Moon in Pain;
Each Loyal Tory with his Gloating Mate
The *Lads* Nativity would Celebrate.
Tantivy Boys to Dance, their Clerks to Sing,
Had all design'd within a Holy Ring,

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And witty Females were to be Spectators;
Towzer had made a Crown of Observators
For the brisk Boy to wear, but now the Elf
May bravely take it up and wear't himself.
Nay 'tother day, when Lords and Taylors met,
And Loyal Prentices in Rank were set,
To *Hins-en-kelder* they did quaff each Glas,
And who e're did Refuse, was Dub'd an As.
Grandees would find Coralls to rub his Gums,
And Prentices would find him Sugar Plums,
And this they did Confirm with Loyal Oaths,
But *Whip-stich* he did Hope to make him Cloaths.
But we're deceiv'd; for *Madam* in your Arms
Is held a Girl, that is all over Charms.
A Girl, though fair, yet is the bane of Bliss,
'Tis Gloomy Woman Darkens Paradise;
Women, though fair, yet ugly are their Wills,
Born to do Mischief, and Triumph in ills.
Madam, how many longing Hearts did Groan
With Tedious Sighs to see your wish't-for Son?
But if it be a Maid, we'll Chear our Hearts,
And once again Rely upon our Arts:
Nature shall never our Fledg'd Hopes destroy;
I'll swear if it be a Maid, we'll mak't a Boy.
But 'twas a Boy, the Fault is only this,
The Midwife Circumcis'd the Babe amiss.
And if it be cut off, we won't Complain
The Child is young and it may grow again.
But if it be a Maid, what need we Care?
We make no use of the *Porphyry Chair*.
Then route up all you Tories of our Isle!
Fortune on us can never chuse but Smile;
We have the best of all her Pleasant Gifts,
Her Lucky hand doth Help us at dead Lifts;
And if untimely Death by Chance destroy
The happy Infant, either Maid or Boy;
Yet will we Revel at a well set Board,
And drink a Loyal Health, to Royal *Charles the Third*.